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THE STATUE OF LIBERTY
AS IT WILL APPEAR BY THE TIME THE PEDESTAL IS FINISHED.



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THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

"I SEE it stated that Adam Forepaugh, the showman, has secured the white elephant. I wish it to be announced that so far as I am concerned this is untrue."—*Carlisle*.

"MR. Matthew Arnold has incurred the displeasure of all Boston by his criticism on Mr. Emerson," says the *Courier-Journal*. Now, who can be a sceptic in the face of this awful retribution?

WE congratulate our brethren of the pulpit that it will be yet some time before our several tom-toms are silenced. Public opinion we fear, is against us, but the law is in our favor, and we will continue to peal, toll, chime, boom and ring, for no purpose whatsoever except to make ourselves general nuisances, until the crack of doom.

VOLUME III of the 37 volumes which will be necessary to complete its report of the census of 1880, has just been issued by the Census Bureau. This is rapid work. It shows how thoroughly the department is organized. Why not entrust the collection of the Bartholdi Fund to it? As it is, it is improbable that even our great grandchildren will see Liberty upon her pedestal.

OUR esteemed heathen contemporary, the *Japan Mail*, commenting upon the fact that reels were used by the Chinese fishermen in the eleventh century, says: "What is there that Chinese civilization did not possess?" Lots of things. Chinese civilization had no Sunday Law which shut out the poor from innocent amusements and drove them to drink. It had no Metropolitan Museum of modern antiquities with a glue factory and marble yard attached. It possessed neither a BEN BUTLER, nor a TOM OCHILTREE, nor a TALMAGE, or a network of telegraph wires, or a corps of ticket speculators in the employ of a theatre. Chinese civilization may have been a very grand thing, but there are a couple of wrinkles of which it knew nothing.

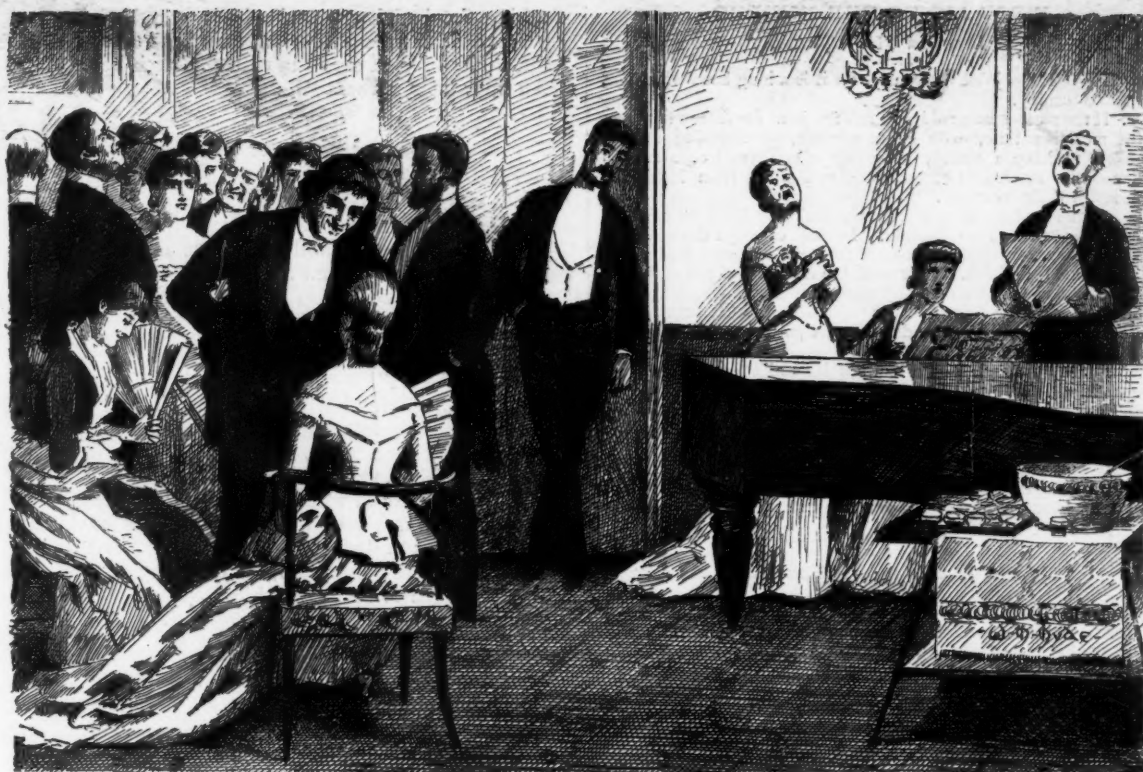
IT appears to us somewhat singular that the "Rev." Father FLORENCE MCCARTHY, "Pastor" of the Church of St. Cecilia, Brooklyn, should be allowed to resume his clerical duties after having been convicted of criminal assault upon one of his parishioners. Had the offender been a layman, he would have been sent to State's prison for a term of years. As it was, the intelligent jury, no doubt awed by his reverence's robes and spiritual dignity, contented themselves with finding the charge proven, and with the award to the plaintiff of six cents damages. It is now clear that the best cloak for crime in Brooklyn is a cassock. Of course it cannot be expected that the Bishop of McCarthy's diocese will take action in the premises. But if the Holy Mother Church winks at the gayeties of her clergy, juries at least should treat them with the same rigor as they would those of laymen.

"I CAN confirm the rumor that Mr. Dana has written a tragedy. I made the greatest hit of my life in it."—HOLMAN.

THE London correspondents inform us that some time ago Mr. GLADSTONE delivered "a speech in favor of peace at a banquet." WILLIAM is right. Nowhere is peace of more importance than at a banquet. Fighting or disorder of any kind at the table is decidedly disastrous to good digestion. His remarks were undoubtedly sensible and perhaps even necessary if the French Minister and the Chinese Ambassador happened to be sitting opposite one another.

HIS Honor, the Mayor, is in favor of abolishing the Free College of the City of New York, the Normal School and the Nautical School, and of devoting the \$1,621,823 which these three institutions cost annually, to the "liberal extension and support of our primary and grammar schools, which are a consistent and vital part of our institutions." Without expressing a doubt of his Honor's perfect sanity and zeal in the public cause, we would suggest that retrenchment be first made in the thousand and one other departments and sub-departments of the municipality, a tithe of whose waste would give a collegiate education to every youth in the State and have a surplus over.

AS the church choir cornet is no longer a novelty it has lost its virtue as an advertisement, and it is rumored that Mr. TALMAGE is seeking for a new attraction. In order to make his Brooklyn tabernacle draw full houses, the hymns should be rendered with a banjo quartette accompaniment. During the offertory, some Tyrolean jodelers, or a company of Swiss bell-ringers might perform in a manner befitting the sacred solemnity of the service.



MUSICAL.

Miss Blanche: THEY SAY THAT IS RUBINSTEIN'S "ANGEL" THAT THOSE PEOPLE ARE SINGING; BUT I DO NOT RECOGNIZE IT. WHAT KEY ARE THEY SINGING IT IN?

Prof. Krashbangski (the famous pianist): TWO FLATS, I SHOULD SAY.

MY KING.

A ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WHEN and where shall I earliest find him!
Whether 't is best to be gay or shy,
Or if my face may perchance remind him
Of some one he loved in days gone by?
If he'll wear plumpers to make his cheeks fatter,
Or a smile round his toothless mouth will play?
To me such trifles can scarcely matter,
If he'll ask me to name the wedding-day.

I shall not dream of him tall or stately,
Provided he is n't too well and strong;
He may crawl to the altar, or walk sedately,
If only his stay in this world is n't long.
What care I though his bald head be shining?
Each hope towards that beacon its flight shall wing—
Many years for an old man my heart has been pining,
And gladly I'll welcome my King, my King!

But he must be rich, or I'll never take him,
And old, and decrepit, the man that I love;
And every means shall be used to make him
Leave me his money, when he goes above.
I do n't think I'll smother him while he is sleeping—
Since Othello, that's rather a hackneyed thing;
But though the stars fall or the angels are weeping,
I'll doctor his coffee—my King, my King!

M. H. G.

SMITH met Jones on the deck of an ocean steamer one calm morning after several days of very rough weather: "Why, I declare, Jones," said Smith, "you look years older than when I last saw you!"

"No wonder," answered Jones. "I have had several berth days lately."

A WESTERNER saw a placard bearing the words "Hamlet" in a book store. He went in and said he would like to hire some.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

LECTURE VII.—*Sprains.*

- I. TWIST the joint vigorously, for it is a long lame which has no turning.
2. If the patient be an old man rub the joint for fifteen minutes, 75th meridian time, with a curry comb, or anything uneven enough to keep a healthy glow in the epidermal cells and to prevent the interstices of the vascular bundles from losing the efficacy of their functions.
3. If the patient be a young man rubbing is of no use, for youth is stronger than friction. In this case get the most expensive flannel tennis-shirt you can find, cut a piece out of it and bind it round the joint. Now wet the flannel and you will soon have a bandage tighter than any elastic band yet invented.
4. If an elbow is so badly sprained that it cannot be "crooked," administer stimulants to the patient in amounts corresponding to his habits.
5. For a sprained head a lump of ice and a temperance tract are sufficient.
6. If the patient have a sprained ankle take him to see Irving. He can then learn how, if worse comes to worse, a man can walk without using the joints of his legs.
7. If you want practice, go to any college foot-ball match. Be sure and take several assistants with you, however, as there will be more patients than any one man can attend to.

IN Mr. William Edwards the Hoffman House has an *objet d'art*. He is a bar-relief, as it were.

LOADS and loads.—Cartridges.

ALWAYS on the wrong tack.—The bare-foot man.

A MAN who may smile and smile and be a-fillin'.—A dentist.

THE auctioneer's friend.—The mor(e)bid man.

AN IDYL OF BEACON HILL.

CHAPTER I.

LOOKING carefully upon the sacred scene, a shrewd observer might have detected that it was Boston.

The iron tongue of the solemn clock in a neighboring belfry told the hour with that deliberation peculiar to Beacon Street.

The number of its strokes, together with the algid darkness which had prevailed for many hours, suggested to Clarendon Cragie St. Faneuil that possibly an idea might lie behind the facts.

With that rapidity of cerebration acquired only in Cambridge, he added the facts together. They were these :

1. It was very dark.
2. The clock had struck twelve.
3. The last Harvard Square car had jingled out of sight.

From these complex premises he soon drew the following conclusions :

1. That it was midnight.
2. That it was time to go home.

Having worked himself into a pleasant glow by this mental exercise, Clarendon Cragie St. Faneuil walked stealthily up the hill with that ambling glide which is so characteristic of Bostonians after a hard freeze, and

reaching the haughty portal of his grandfather, who was born in Salem and was otherwise enormously great, he let himself softly in with the latch-key.

An hour later, all was still.

CHAPTER II.

SOPHRONIA Somerset was from Salem.

So was her father.

And her grandfather.

Likewise her mother and step-uncle and first cousin and all their ancestors and relatives.

Need more be said ?

CHAPTER III.

" I LOVE you."

When Clarendon C. St. Faneuil had spoken these memorable words, with true Massachusetts politeness he paused for a reply.

Sophronia blushed.

It is a local custom when such occasions arise.

Clarendon was startled, although he half expected it. Still he was undaunted, and with that spirit which he had so proudly inherited, made a snap at the ear which happened to be nearest him.

Half an hour later they were engaged.

CHAPTER IV.

A MONTH flew by. Outside of Boston this would not have been remarkable ; but Time is leisurely on Athenian soil.

Time knows on which side his bread is buttered.

He respects Boston.

CHAPTER V.

A CLOUD gathered on the horizon.

It had reached the ears of Sophronia's parents that Clarendon had once committed the impropriety of walking on the wrong side of Commonwealth Avenue.

Simultaneously it was malignantly whispered in the St. Faneuil clique that Sophronia pronounced "bird" as if it were spelled "bur-yeed," instead of "berd."

Likewise "first," "fir-yeest," instead of "ferst."

These were terrible rumors.

Witnesses confirmed them.

CHAPTER VI.

WITH that liberal spirit which had descended to him from Cotton Mather, Sophronia's father expressed his willingness to spare Clarendon's life, provided he should renounce her.

On their part, Clarendon's grand-parents and first cousins magnanimously consented to still recognize Sophronia as a member of society at large, if she would at once break the engagement.

For six weeks Sophronia refused all nourishment, even Emerson.

For an equal length of time Clarendon was delirious—once being so far demented as to bow to a man of

NO FLIES ON US.

SOY, young fella, are y' wid us?
It 's our Ball next Toosdie night;
We 're de Chimmy Toomey Rangers,
An' our mimbers is all white.

Naw, we won't have no hand-shakers,
Nor no daisies what ain't straight;
Mine 's a chinner down in Ridley's—
She 's a hummin'-bird, is Kate.

We ain't much as doods, us snoozers,
But y' betcher coldest chink
Dat no flies do n't die on us, much—
I should almost blush to blink.

Well, young fella, are y' wid us?
O, yer super! *dat* 's all right;
As I said, no crooks ain't comin'
To our Ball on Toosdie night.

WM. J. DUGGETT.

THE *Current*, a weekly journal, edited by Edgar L. Wakeman and published in Chicago, has appeared in the field. With a corps of notable writers and a large bank account it intends to enliven the West with sharp criticism and pungent views of men and events, and is entitled to good wishes for its success.

MUSHROOM—where the oatmeal is kept.



whose maternal ancestry he had not the slightest knowledge.

But time is kind, especially to Bostonians.

They recovered.

CHAPTER VII.

TWO years elapsed, and Clarendon's haughty father was gathered to that quiet, solemn Salem acre, where all the St. Faneuils slept.

By steady devotion to the business of marrying in wealthy but phthysical families, he had accumulated a colossal property.

He left it all to Clarendon.

At this time, Sophronia's parents began to relent.

They forgot the past, and invited Clarendon to come to their pew on Sundays.

This, as can be readily seen, was the utmost concession which could be expected from a family originally from Salem. And so he accepted, and went.

Sophronia was there.

The Rev. Mr. Friem preached upon Eternal punishment.

Clarendon thought of his departed parent, and, being secretly pleased, slightly pressed Sophronia's hand.

Then they both smiled, and were happy.

THE END.

C.

De nihilo, nihil fit—The Nihilist is fit for nothing.

"THE largest circulation of any paper in the country"—curl-paper.

It is in evidence that Adam was the original self-maid man.

It ill becomes those of us who take a *LIFE* every week to rant about the prevalence of manslaughter in the West.

THE MYSTERY OF BERTIE MANGOOSE.

BERTIE MANGOOSE was a leading spirit in the most exclusive circle of the Water-and-Milk Club, and his trousers were at once the envy and despair of his friends. One could not look upon these garments without being unconsciously ennobled and elevated, for in the beautiful statuesqueness of their fit and style they far excelled any other similar raiment known to civilization since the time of Monsigneur d'Artoris, whom Mercier alleges was lifted by four stalwart footmen and slid into his trousers from above, that they might appear upon his graceful limbs, devoid of the slightest vestige of a wrinkle.

But Bertie's garments, his friends concluded, were not assumed in this manner, as it seemed impossible, judging from the overwhelming perfection and gradual tapering of the fit from hip to ankle, that his feet had ever been put through them; and, though these friends bought the same material and spurred their tailors to the utmost, Bertie soared high above them all and their young lives were tinged with the wormwood and gall of bitter envy and hopeless despair. Their hats were as glossy as his, their collars were as high and shone with as brilliant lustre, their coats were as faultless, their shoes were as perfect, their walking-sticks were as wonderful masterpieces of design and workmanship; but, in the matter of trousers, they were fearfully deficient.

Percy Golddust's despair was so terrible that he was rapidly going into a decline, and it was said that his mama had gone on her knees to Bertie to obtain the secret of his trousers as the only means of saving her son's life. Gerald Sophthed was losing his reason, Osmond Sugarpill had fallen a victim to insomnia, and yet Bertie remained immovable, and kept the secret locked in his bosom.

But there was a mystery about Bertie Mangoose that the Water-and-Milk Club had never been able to fathom. Bertie was never at the club two evenings in succession, but disappeared unaccountably every alternate night, and as regularly re-appeared again after dinner the following evening, arrayed in a new pair of trousers as perfect as the ones that had gone before, for Bertie had far too much self-respect even to wear the same pair twice. These mysterious disappearances became a matter of great anxiety to the Water-and-Milk Club; and, but for the fact that his father always wore yellow gaiters and an eye-glass, and his mother's name was in the Elite Directory, it is possible that Bertie's position might have suffered among his associates. As it was, the club at last became so much agitated over the matter that Bertie's three particular friends decided to engage a detective to solve the

problem—not without a hope that the discovery might result in a solution also of the secret of his trousers.

The evening that this decision was arrived at Bertie was away, and a man of small stature, with a piercing black eye and a fierce moustache, was admitted into the club parlor. It is unnecessary to say that with one swift, sweeping glance he took in every feature of the entire room, for he was a detective. It was detective Pinkeye. He inspected Bertie's billiard-cue, and asked to be shown his favorite brand of cigars. A box of the specially imported Havanas, each one wrapped in tin foil, that Bertie smoked was exhibited to him. He unwrapped one, looked at it carefully, put it in his mouth and lighted it. Then he asked for a paper, wrapped up the box in it and put it under his arm.

"Sh'h!" said Detective Pinkeye, mysteriously. "I have a clue." And he departed.

"Wagah a hundwed, me boy," said Gerald Sophthed, "that fellah finds out 'bout Beytie. Did you notice his eye?"

"Yes," said Lucy Golddust. "Devylishly bwight fellah; but whatevah was mattah with his collah?"

"And his hawt had n't been bwushed faw a whole day," rejoined Gerald.

The next evening Bertie was at the club as usual, and he drank so recklessly of ginger ale and lost so largely at dominoes that, when he arose from the gaming-table, where he had played until almost eleven o'clock, his friends admired him more than ever.

As was expected, Bertie was again absent the night afterward. Osmond Sugarpill and Percy Golddust were playing a game of billiards at the club, and a lackey was just chalking the latter's cue after a brilliant run of three, when they were suddenly aware of a stranger in the billiard-room, who wore evening dress and carried a crush hat. Osmond was aghast, but Percy suddenly cried:

"Why, dear me, if it ain't Detective Pinkeye disguised as a gentleman!"

It was Detective Pinkeye.

"Sh'h?" he said to Percy, in warning tones. "Come with me."

"Bwing my tawp-coat!" cried Percy to a servant.

A moment later he was in a cab with the detective, and they were rattling down Broadway at a furious pace. The cab turned into Great Jones Street and stopped at a corner where the name of the thoroughfare was not on the lamp-post.

"Whayah aw we going?" cried Percy, in some trepidation.

"Sh'h'h!" whispered the detective. "Follow me without a word, or all is lost."

Percy followed Detective Pinkeye around the corner and into the hallway of a rumbling old frame building. A dim light was burning in the hall, and Percy, looking at his watch, saw that it was nine o'clock; and just then the detective turned off the gas and they were left in complete darkness.

"Sh'h'h'h!" whispered the detective. "Put your peeper up to this hole I have bored in the wall, and do n't lisp a syllable whatever occurs."



LOOK-A-HERE, BOSS, IF YER WANT A GOOD SHINE YER 'VE GOT TER KEEP MY BLACKIN' WET—OR I WONT TAKE THE JOB.

MY ADORED.

SHE was such a lovely maiden,
Ne'er was fairer born ;
By her glances Cupid-laden
Were my heart-strings torn.

How I longed to make her love me,
Longed to call her mine ;
But I feared she was above me,
She seemed so divine.

Now, alas ! my hopes are broken—
I could bear reproof—
But those accents lowly spoken
"O ! Come off the roof."

J. J. J.

Carte de visite.—A village cart.

Mirabile dictu.—"The d—l you say !"

Arrectis Auribus.—Getting up on his ear.

"A WOMAN wants a rough wash" appears in the column of "situations wanted" in the Philadelphia *Ledger*. So does Denis Kearney and so does Herr Most. The roughest kind; nothing short of a sandstone scour would make any impression.

Two fond young Pennsylvanians went down to the Luray caverns in Virginia and were married in the cave. Sensible young ducks, to begin their married life by creeping into a hole in the ground. About the time they have kept house one year, and the bills begin to come in, they will want to go back into their bridal cave and pull the whole thing in after them, cave, bridle and all.

Percy glued his eye to this hole in the partition and found himself looking into what seemed to be a tailor shop, for there was a man cutting some very handsome cloth that fairly made Percy's mouth water it was such a beautiful trowsers pattern. There was a sewing machine in the room and a peculiar table about six feet in length that ran upon cogs in an iron-groove, and was propelled by a band from a wheel on the sewing machine. Percy had not gazed long through the hole, when to his unutterable amazement, his friend Bertie Mangoose appeared from a back room, primevally attired. He was smoking a cigarette with an air of great unconcern, and to the still further surprise of his friend, he climbed upon the peculiar table and lay down. The tailor brought the cloth he had been cutting, arranged it about Bertie's limbs, and then strapped him to the table.



ARCHÆOLOGICAL SURGERY.

1st Guardian of the Park : AND PHWHAT ARE YEZ DOIN' WID THE MAN WID DE BROKEN HID ?

2nd Guardian of the Peace : WHIST NOW, BE AISEY. I TUMPED HIM A BIT TOO HARD AND HIS HID HAS PARTED, BUT I 'LL HAVE HIM FIXED YONDER.

1st Guardian of the Park : AND IT'S A SMART BÔY YE ARE. IF THEY CAN'T FIX *that* HID, THEY 'LL GIVE HIM ANOTHER.

"He's going to kill him !" cried Percy, a terrible thought that Bertie had engaged the man to assist him to commit suicide, forcing itself upon him.

"S's'h'h'h !" whispered Detective Pinkeye. "Not another word !"

Percy turned from the peep-hole with horror, but the sound of the machine in operation induced him to look through again. The tailor was working the machine, and the peculiar table was running along beside it, with Bertie lying prone upon it and the smoke rising in a little cloud from the cigarette he was serenely puffing.

The truth flashed upon Percy so suddenly that he almost staggered. Bertie's secret was out, and the club ordered a special tailor to fit them—the result being what we see every day.

F. M. W.

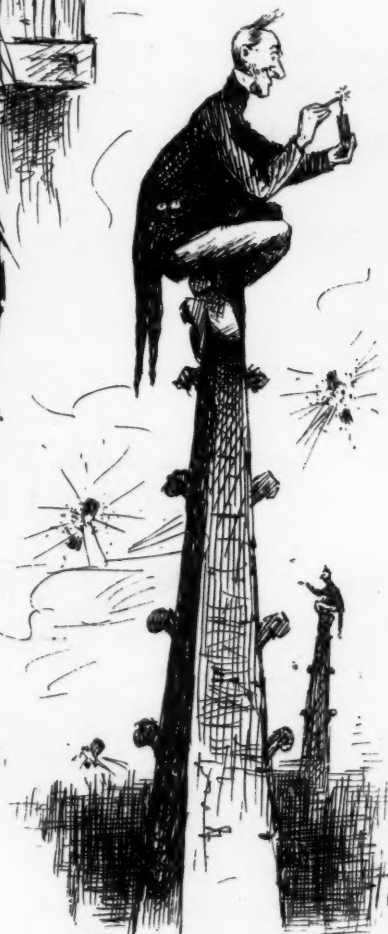


IN THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT
HOW WE SHIVER WITH AFFRIGHT
AT THE MELANCHOLY MENACE OF THEIR TONE.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS TO THE
AND THE PEOPLE—AH, THE PEOPLE!—
THEY THAT DWELL UP IN THE STEEPLE
ALL ALONE:



Let the choir sing
Some popular airs
before church
time, on a balcony
outside the church
or — the sexton
might climb the
steeple and shoot
off fire-crackers
in mid-air.

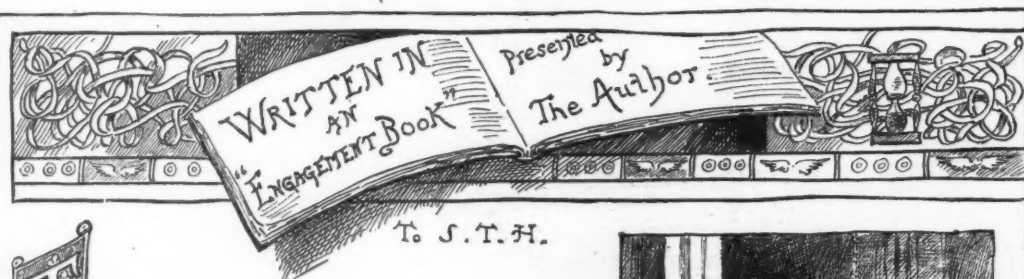


The children could be collected thusly.

TO THE CLAMOROUS CLERGY.

AND WHO, IN TOLLING, TOLLING, TOLLING,
FEEL A GLORY IN SO ROLLING
ON THE HUMAN HEART A STONE—

THEY ARE NEITHER MAN NOR WOMAN,
THEY ARE NEITHER BRUTE NOR HUMAN,
THEY ARE GHOULS! —The Bells.



T. S. T. H.

That a book for engagements for one so
engaging,
Is quite indispensable, all of us know:
And if of its pages I had the arranging,
Engagements with me, and none else it
would show.

But since that's impossible, take it and
fill it,
With gay memoranda of dinner and ball;
Only spare me one sorrow and never write
in it
"Engaged to another" for good and for all.
-W. H. Hyatt-



POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON XVI.—The Lenox Library.



WHAT is this?
This, dear, is the great Lenox Library.

What is it for?
Nobody knows.

But I thought you said it was a library?
So I did.

Then there must be books in it?
Perhaps.

Why is it called the "Lenox" Library?
Because it was founded and given by Mr. James Lenox.

Given to whom?
To the City of New York.

Oh! then it is a public library?
Yes, dear.

How delightful! Why, it must be very useful to students and to the reading public?
Very.

But why are the doors locked?
To keep people out.

But I thought you said it was a public library?
So I did.

Then how can they keep people out?
By locking the doors.

But why?
To keep the pretty books from being soiled.

Why! who would soil the pretty books?
The public.

How?
By reading them.

Gracious! What are all those brass things on the roof?
Cannon, dear.

What are they for?
To blow the heads off students who want to get in.

Why! and see those gallows!
Yes, dear.

And people hanging!
Certainly, sweet.

Who are they?
Students who got in.

But is there no way of getting into the library without being shot or hanged?
Yes, sweet.

How?
By writing an humble letter of application to the kind Lord High Librarian.

Well?
He will refer it to the 1st Assistant Inspector of Character.

And then?
It will go to the Third Deputy Examiner of Morals.

Next?
He will pass it on to the Comptroller of Ways and Means.

And he?

He will, after mature deliberation, send it to the Commercial Agency.

What for?
To get a proper understanding of the applicant's solvency.

Well?
Then it comes back for the monthly meeting of the Sub-Committee on Private Inquiry.

Why?
To ascertain if the applicant has any real necessity for consulting any particular book in the library.

And suppose he has?
Why, then the paper goes to the Sub-janitor.

And what does he do?
He finds out if the Astor or Mercantile Libraries have the book.

And if they have?
He tells the applicant to go there and consult it.

But if they have it not?
Then the application goes to the Commissioner of Vital Statistics.

For what purpose?
To ascertain if the applicant is still living.

And if he is?
At the next annual meeting of the Board of Directors, if there is a quorum present, which sometimes happens, he will get a ticket entitling him to admission between the hours of two and three on a specified day.

But if the poor applicant is busy on that day at that hour?
He forfeits his ticket.

But how is the public benefited by this "public" library?
Ask the Trustees.

"NEXT to pure reading matter"—the records in the family bible.



SCENE, POST OFFICE IN ROME.

Elderly Party wishes to register a letter.

Elderly Party: I WANT THIS LETTER REGISTERED.

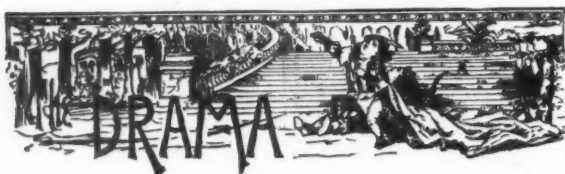
Clerk: SI, SIGNOR—IL SPEDITORE, SIGNOR.

E. P.: YES, I'M AN AMERICAN, AND I WISH YOU'D REGISTER THAT LETTER.

Clerk: MA IL SPEDITORE, SIGNOR, LA NOMA (*in despair*).

Jones (who has overheard the conversation): HE WANTS YOUR NAME, SIR.

E. P.: OH!!—(*Gives name and turns with a sweet smile to Jones*)—THEY LABOR UNDER A GREAT DIS-ADVANTAGE HERE, THEY DO N'T UNDERSTAND OUR LANGUAGE.



THE LANGTRY.

MRS. LANGTRY, once known as a "professional beauty," and not long ago a very celebrated woman—though it is hard to see now why she was celebrated—came back to us last week at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Her reappearance was hardly a brilliant event. Yet many people were anxious to see her again, and the theatre was crowded at her first performance. It is fair to say that this was Mrs. Langtry's coming out as an actress. When Mr. Abbey brought her across the sea and placed her in Wallack's Theatre, where she made herself visible, for the benefit of an eagerly curious public which had heard almost too

much about her, she was not regarded as an actress—she was merely a great sensation, and the sensation became greater as the weeks ran on. Mrs. Langtry seemed to be then a particularly reckless sort of woman, one of the sort which allow the world to think ill of them and who give their defiance to popular opinion. At this moment Mrs. Langtry is hardly a sensation, even a small sensation. No one discusses her. Her name is not conspicuous in the newspapers. Her private affairs and her peculiar system of ethics are serenely ignored. She had her day, and the day is past. But, all the same, she is still with us. Not even lost to sight and to memory dear. She is here—the whole of her, radiant with smiles and fresh dresses. These dresses, which were put together in Paris, represent apparently the diligent mental toil to which Mrs. Langtry subjected herself when she went abroad last summer. She went to learn, to study, to be an actress in fact, not an actress in notoriety. Well, she is patient. She is still learning. Mrs. Langtry has not lost any part of her good looks. On the contrary, she is prettier than ever. Her brown hair brushed off the forehead reveals a round and well-modeled face, in which, however, there is not easily found either intelligent expression or emotion. If a face could be taken as an index to the

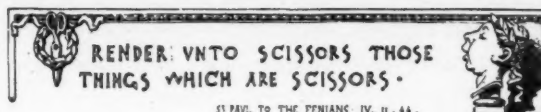
spirit, it might be said that Mrs. Langtry does not think nor feel; she has only slight physical sensations and superficial impulses. But one's heart does not always speak in the face and Mrs. Langtry may have a vigorous heart. It would be strange if her experience upon the stage had been wasted altogether. She has gained something in manner. She was restless and awkward. She is now reposeful and often graceful. In rapid action she is still school-girlish. She is, for the most part, a very school-girlish actress. She can exhibit the dignity and composure of a lady; but she does not exhibit by any chance the force and the depth of a woman. Amid the passions of dramatic situations, she is painfully unreal. She utters words as though they were mere sounds; she is often earnest and well-meaning where it seems impossible for her not to show feeling; yet the feeling is a very pallid flicker. On the other hand, Mrs. Langtry has charms and beauty, and a pretty woman is a godsend in this tough world. Therefore, let us be grateful and open our eyes—especially when this actress who is not an actress, adorns herself in gorgeous millinery and transforms herself into a theatrical bird of paradise.

Mr. George Riddle—who is a young and good-looking Cambridge man, socially popular, and brilliant as an interpreter of great literature—began his course of readings last Wednesday at the Madison Club Theatre.

Mr. Boyesen's play, which is to be produced within this month at the Madison Square Theatre, will be called "The Two Alpine Roses." This is linked sweetness long drawn out. Alberg has already given us "The Two Roses."

The cheerful news is disseminated that our esteemed contemporary, Mr. Charles A. Dana, has written a tragedy, which will be produced by Mr. Thomas Keene. Mr. Dana's light shines for us all, and, in any shape that it is vouchsafed to us, we are grateful for it. We shall be on the lookout for Mr. Dana's latest and most brilliant editorial on Thermopylae. We trust that it will not be necessary to paraphrase Joseph—Bulwer's Joseph—and say: "Strange that so great a journalist should be so poor a poet." Meanwhile, Mr. Dana ought not to pretend that Mr. Henry Watterson wrote that tragedy. Mr. Watterson has his own tragedy to take care of—a certain Democratic Party.

G. E. M.



RENDER UNTO SCISSORS THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE SCISSORS.

ST. PAUL TO THE PENIANS IV., II., 44.

LOOKING AT COMETS.

"WHAT makes you so late to-night?" asked a wife of her husband. "You promised me you would be home at 10 o'clock."

"I've been (hic) lookin' at the comets," he replied.

"Comets? there is but one comet visible to the naked eye."

"Yesh, but one comet visible to er-naked eye (hic), but yer see I had the aid of er-powerful glassh and could see two of 'em."—*Philadelphia Call*.

"Yes, sir," said the detective. "I'll look up his character. By the way, do you wish to ascertain that he's a nice or a bad person? I always like to please my customers."—*Boston Post*.

It's all right, gentlemen, for you to think that your wives are angels, but is n't it rather incongruous for angels to carry in the coal and build the fires?—*Merchant Traveler*.

We have about ceased to play on the name of that racy paper, LIFE, but our stock of approving adjectives is still quite large and is drawn upon weekly as LIFE is continued.—*Chicago Standard*.

CLARA playfully tapped Augustus on the head as if knocking at the door.

"Come in," said Augustus, facetiously.

"Thanks, dear," said Clara. "I don't like to go into an empty room, it's so cheerless and lonesome like, you know."—*Merchant Traveler*.

THE New York LIFE has the air of an assured success; any way, it is such literally and artistically. There are other successes in something the same line; but that does not interfere with LIFE, because it seems to be a venture peculiar to itself—its art is its own, and its tone and humor are its own. Its humor of pen and pencil has a quiet incision that we do not see elsewhere. At first we thought some of its drawings were a little Du Maurierish; but that impression is wearing off, and LIFE's satirists in black and white are developing independent merits of the highest order. LIFE is a good paper of its class to take regularly at one's house.—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

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ICE CREAM in the form of the Bartholdi statue is the latest. Serve cold without a pedestal.—*Phila. Call.*

It was the gas-meter that first sang, "I'll meter when the sun goes down."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"SEE that woman with the spotted veil. It makes her look like the old Harry." "Ah, my dear fellow, you are right; but you do n't know how it improves her looks."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Do you know," said she, "that I believe I should dearly love to play billiards, and I am sure I could learn to play a good game?" "I think not," replied he, "for in a good game the jaw is barred."

A NEW book professes to give an account of how families live in Heaven. If it throws any light on the domestic arrangements of a man who has married his deceased wife's sister, or of the man who has buried his third wife on earth, and tries to explain matters to three spiritual mothers-in-law, the work must be very attractive reading.—*News Letter.*

Two old colored women were baptised in the James river. One submitted quietly, while the other came out of the water all excitement, shouting, "I saw Gabr'l! I saw Gabr'l, right in de bottom ob de ribber! Bress your heart for dat vishun ob glory."

"Hush your mouf, Dilsey," said the less excitable one; "dat was nuffin but a big terrapin. I done seed dat, myself."—*The Judge.*

"I NOTICE in the paper that it is no longer fashionable for the minister to kiss the bride at the wedding ceremony," said a wife to her husband, who was a clergyman. "Yes," sadly responded the good man, with a long-drawn sigh, "many of the pleasant features connected with the old-fashioned wedding ceremony have been discarded, and—" "What's that?" demanded his wife ominously. "I—I mean," he stammered, "that the senseless custom of kissing the bride should have been abolished long ago." "Oh!" replied the mollified lady, resuming her paper.—*Philadelphia Call.*

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leaneth his chin upon a cane, so that when the mo-
ment of deep and profound slumber cometh upon him
his chin slippeth off, and with the bang of his head
upon the pew in front of him he is awakened. Or,
the slumberer may sit bolt upright and nod in time to
his sleep and regular breathing. Only when you cast
your eyes upon him, the watchful wife at his bosom
stabs him with her elbow, and he glareth on the con-
gregation as one who would say, "He that sayeth
that I sleep, the same is a liar and a villain and a
horse thief." Or, if he be so that he leaneth his head
back until the lid thereof falleth down between his
shoulders and he playeth fantastic tunes with his nose,
insomuch that the boys in the gallery make merry
over the same, then it is hazardous to awaken this
slumberer right suddenly, because he dreameth of
divers things, and sayeth to the titling man who
shaketh him up, "Hey? ha! ha! yes, all right? I'm
up." And thus the congregation is scandalized. But
if he foldeth his handkerchief over the back of the pew
in front, and boweth his head devoutly on the same,
even in that moment when the text is pronounced,
then will that sleeper trouble no one, but will slumber
sweetly on until the time of the benediction; and will
awake refreshed and smiling, and he will extol the
sermon and magnify the preacher. He is the old
timer, from Sleepy Hollow.—*Burdette*.

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TO THE PUBLIC:

THE success attained by *The United States Mutual Accident Association* of 320 and 322 Broadway, New York, has aroused the jealousy and envy of stock accident companies, who, aided by mercenary insurance journals, have heralded many false and garbled reports with little if any direct loss to the Association, the institution to-day being sustained by a solid membership representing the best class of business men in this country to the number of over ten thousand.

The following comparison of figures speaks for itself, and must prove of interest to all who carry Accident Insurance. It affords a practical solution to the question: "How can the UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION afford to insure at half the rates of stock companies?"

That it does accomplish this, and that the Association effects a saving of over a quarter of a million dollars per annum to its members in the cost of the insurance furnished, is known to its thousands of policy-holders, and is proved by its record of the past six years.

From figures taken from the Insurance and Commercial Magazine and the Annual Reports made to the Insurance Department of the State of New York, we find that the *Travelers' Insurance Company* of Hartford, (accident department,) received from 1866 to 1882—inclusive—\$13,457,274. As only \$5,333,571 of this amount was paid for accident losses and claims, \$8,123,703 of the policy-holders money remained to be used for profits and expenses in conducting the business. For each \$100 of claims paid, the policy-holders paid \$152.31 for expenses of management.

In 1882 the accident premium receipts of the same company were \$1,819,313, from which were paid accident losses and claims amounting to \$749,462, and for expenses \$924,543, leaving a surplus to stockholders of \$145,308, for one year.

The same company had in force December 31st, 1882, in round numbers, \$173,000,000 of accident insurance. Their expenses for the year were \$924,543 or a cost of \$5.34 per thousand of insurance then in force. This Association had at the same date \$50,000,000 of accident insurance and expenses for the year of only \$1.14 per thousand of the insurance then in force, showing on the above basis an average saving in expense of \$21.00 to each member holding a \$5,000 policy at the end of the year.

A comparison for the year of the average pro-rata of expense to each policy-holder, whether large or small, on the basis of membership December 31st, 1882, shows a saving in favor of this Association in the *expenses of management of \$7.55* to each member. On the same basis the comparison is further improved by the showing made that the *entire cost (exclusive of the reserve belonging to members), for insurance in the United States Mutual Accident Association was only four cents per member over the sum used by the Travelers' for expenses alone.*

Considering this comparison of figures it is not strange that the increase of members in this Association in 1882, was seven per cent. greater than in the above-mentioned company. In New York State where the merits of this Association are best known the *Travelers'* had upon the lives of its citizens, 2619 less policies in force December 31st, 1882, than they had December 31st, 1881.

The Accident Insurance Company of North America had a total premium income of \$114,335 from which they paid losses \$27,588, and total miscellaneous expenses \$78,132, showing that it cost that institution \$284 for each \$100 of losses paid.

The sharp competition brought about by *The United States Mutual Accident Association* for the accident insurance business of this country has induced the high rate stock accident insurance companies in order to save, if possible, their own business, to distribute broadcast throughout the land millions of circulars intended to defile the clean and illustrious record of this Association. They go back several years, when as an auxiliary to the Association a mechanic's Division was formed, for the purpose of granting a separate insurance upon its own merits to that class of individuals, and when within a few months after the organization of such Division a death loss occurred, the full amount represented by the then existing members of that Division of the Association was paid to the widow. They would have the public believe from their malicious and garbled statements that the Association does not pay its losses in full:—Whereas this Association does pay every loss promptly on receipt of proofs and for the full amount named in the policy.

The Association at this date has not a single claim upon its books unpaid, nor one dollar of indebtedness.

Respectfully,

320 and 322 Broadway, New York,
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JAMES R. PITCHER,
Secretary.